

"L" ROAD CYCLE CARS IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Significant Action Taken by the Manhattan Executive Committee.

Plans and Designs Have Been Submitted to the Officials of the Operating Department.

RUSSELL SAGE THE ONLY OBJECTOR.

President Gould Favors the Scheme, and a Definite Decision May Be Reached at the August Meeting.

Wheelmen may still hope for bicycle cars on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, but that great boon will not be granted immediately. More progress in the desired direction was made yesterday, however, at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the company, in the offices at Rector street and Broadway. It was expected that the question of transportation of wheels, at a reasonable cost, would be finally disposed of, but again final action was deferred, the general sentiment being that on a question of so much importance ample time could be taken before making a decision.

The matter was almost the only business that was transacted at the meeting. Russell Sage again advanced his familiar objection to the proposition, by saying that it was all that the company could do now to handle five-car trains properly, and that the addition of a special bicycle car would be impracticable without increasing the accommodations at the stations. This point President Gould admitted was strong, but intimated that the difficulties might be overcome.

At the end of the discussion it was decided to refer the designs for cars and the expense of mechanical changes to the operating department, and its report, expected, will be presented at the regular meeting, in August.

Although Secretary Williams and other members of the company refused to speculate upon the probable action of the operating department, it is known that the wheelmen are more than likely to have their request for accommodations granted in the near future. This, too, is indicated by the reference of the matter to the officials in charge of the equipment of the road and all that pertains thereto.

A. G. Spaulding, in speaking of the matter, said: "It is evident that the Manhattan people have at last taken a sensible and serious view of the situation, and I look for favorable action soon. It cannot be taken too quickly. The wheelmen form a great and growing constituency, and they demand recognition."

SHROUDS GOT MIXED AFTER THE AUTOPSY.

How the Body of Arthur Adams Was Changed for Another at the Almshouse.

Family of the Dead Man Finally Found His Corpse with Two Score Others at the Morgue.

THE ERROR TO BE INVESTIGATED.

Responsibility for It and the Charges of Extortion Made Against a Doctor to Be the Subject of an Inquiry.

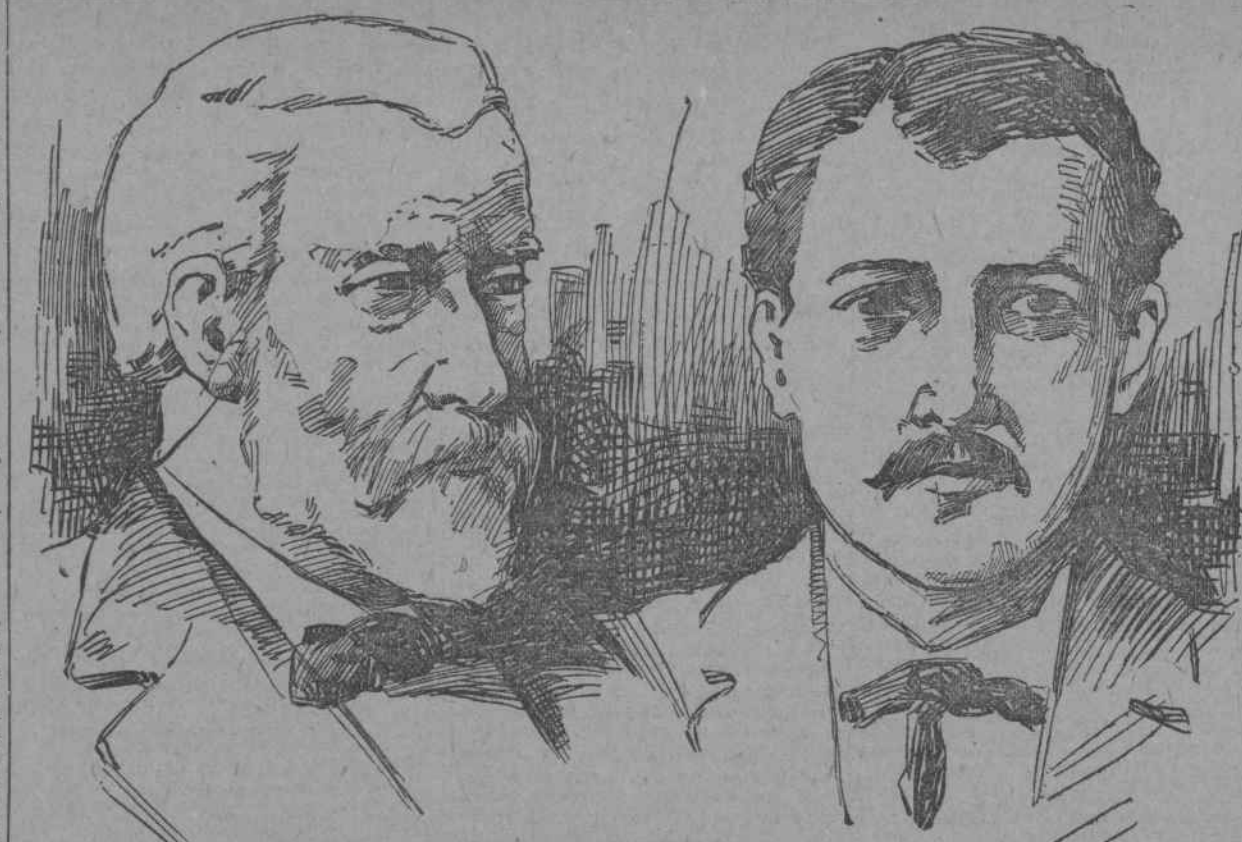
Edgar Allan Poe's tale of the "Cask of Amontillado" is decidedly mild in ghoulish detail compared with the true story of the mixing up of the bodies of Arthur Adams, aged thirty-nine, and James McGrane, aged seventy-five, two of the city Almshouse dead. McGrane had weathered a good many more of life's storms than had Adams. His hair and beard were almost white, while Adams' hair and mustache were raven. The transposing of two bodies so entirely unlike is remarkable to say the least.

Adams was a machinist and engineer. Over three years ago when stricken with paralysis he was sent to the Almshouse. He died on Sunday, and his mother and brother, John Quincy Adams, who live at No. 2126 Eighth avenue, were notified. The physicians wanted to perform an autopsy. The dead man's mother and brother opposed it on the ground that he had been three years in their custody, and they therefore must know what had caused his death.

The mother, Mrs. Charlotte Adams, finally submitted. She now says that the physicians had more of an autopsy than she had given her permission for, or had expected. She also says that Dr. A. B. Bonner, the attending physician at the Almshouse, demanded \$10 before signing the death certificate. The brother says he paid \$2 on account for the death certificate, and promised the doctor another dollar on Friday when he receives his pay.

Eight bodies were brought down to the Morgue from Blackwell's Island on Monday. Those of Adams and McGrane were among them. Bodies from there are wrapped in shrouds sewed by the deft fingers of women in the Penitentiary and Workhouse. To each shroud is pinned a card with the name, age and condition of the man or woman that was.

After the autopsy on McGrane and Adams the shrouds were inadvertently changed. The bodies were then sent to the Morgue. When at the instance of the relatives representatives of Stephen Merritt, an undertaker at No. 210 Eighth avenue called for the body of Adams, they received that of McGrane.



JOHN M'GRONE AND ARTHUR ADAMS, WHOSE BODIES GOT MIXED UP.

By a strange error the two dead men were interchanged just before they were sent to the Morgue from Blackwell's Island. The doctors at the Almshouse performed an autopsy on the body of Adams, who was a young man. When the operation was finished he was by mistake placed in the shroud of the other dead man, who was more than twice his age and had silvery hair and beard. The two were totally unlike. The error was discovered by the family of Adams after his body had been sent to an undertaker. The case will be subjected to an inquiry.

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John Quincy Adams saw the body just as they were beginning to enshroud it. "That's not my brother," he exclaimed. "The people at the Morgue said it was," replied the undertaker.

"Well, it isn't, and that's all there is about it. I guess I know my own brother." The dead man was returned to the undertaker's wagon and sent back to the Morgue. Then Adams looked at each of the two score bodies without finding the one he sought. He nearly identified that of Albert Pitt, alias Cooper, from the penitentiary, as that of his brother. The absence of a birth mark saved him from that mistake.

Superintendent Murphy promised to make an investigation and a hunt for the missing body. The nurse who attended Adams was sent for. He looked over the bodies in the Morgue, and picked out that of Adams. The dead man's brother was sent for, and he brought Frederick Golt, his brother-in-law, to assist in the identification. They both confirmed the nurse's identification. Adams had seen the body of his brother before during his search, but had not recognized it. The body was removed to the undertaker's rooms, and buried from there.

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The change of shrouds was in the autopsy room at the Almshouse Hospital. Superintendent Murphy will investigate that and the charges of extortion made by the Adams family.

Luther Whiting Mason Dead. Buckfield, Me., July 14.—Luther Whiting Mason, the author of "The National Course of Public School Music," and the man who introduced the chart system of teaching music into the schools of the world, died here to-day, aged 63 years.

hydrates, as they are technically called, are the deadly opponents to a slender and graceful figure. In summer time all the delicious vegetables, such as peas, beans, potatoes, beets, egg plant, and green corn, may only be eaten by the woman who will heroically offset them with enough physical exercise to overcome the undesired adipose they represent.

Hope fruit is so refreshing and so wholesome that it is a pity we cannot content ourselves with it, as Nature intended, without accompaniment. There is nothing more insidious than fruit covered with sugar and deluged with rich cream, a part of our daily menu. Diet and exercise—here you have the secret of the perfect physique from the golden days of Greece until this latter end of the nineteenth century.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

PINEAPPLE PRESERVE.

The Luxurious Artichoke and the Cheap Flounder.

The best preserving pineapple is the sugar loaf. It is now arriving in abundance from the West Indies. If you watch your opportunity you may be able to secure some as sweet as the strawberry pine, or as large as the Havana garden ones, at a dollar a dozen, though the present market price is \$1.75.

Very little cooking is required to make a most excellent pineapple preserve, but no water should be added to the syrup. Pare it into thin slices, free of the core, put into a bowl with half its weight of sugar, and let it stand over night. In the morning boil it for two or three minutes, skim it, put into jars and seal. For marmalade the fruit should be cooked longer, mashed through a sieve and boiled until firm.

Artichokes are a luxury of the season, and one can well understand why after inquiring their price. They are selling at twenty-five cents apiece, and are not very large at that. Be careful in buying the vegetable to select the small, green heads rather than the bigger ones that have leaves broken and dark edges. When very tender the artichokes are excellent served raw as a salad, but usually, even for this purpose, it is better after being boiled. Put it in a stewpan with boiling water enough to cover it, add a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice for every two quarts of water. Drain it well on taking it from the water, and either serve it hot with Bechamel, Hollandaise or butter sauce, or as a salad, with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

In California, where artichokes may be had for twenty-five cents a dozen, to make the best sort of a salad the leaves are discarded and only the bottoms are used. These are mixed through with a French dressing and served in a shallow dish, with a rich Mayonnaise sauce on top.

To stuff artichokes, remove the chokes, then trim the leaves very short and boil them for half an hour in salted and acidulated water. Stuff them with chicken force meat, put them in a baking pan, baste them with a white sauce and cook in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Flounder is cheap enough to experiment with; it is only eight cents a pound. Try some baked fillets of flounder in wine. Allow four tablespoonfuls of sherry, half a cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of onion juice, one of lemon juice, a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper to four pounds of flounder. Mix all the ingredients and set them on the back part of the stove till the butter is quite melted, then dip the fillets into the mixture and cook in a hot oven for ten minutes, being careful to baste with what remains of the seasoning. Pour all the gravy that is left over into three gills of white sauce and serve over the fish very hot.

For flounder au gratin, cut the fish into small pieces, spread a tablespoonful of soft butter over a gratin dish, and lay these pieces in it, sprinkled with salt and pepper. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and three of butter, a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a pint of chicken stock, salt and pepper; let it simmer gently for twenty minutes and add a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Strain the sauce and pour it over the fish. Then sprinkle a teaspoonful of fine dried bread crumbs, seasoned to taste, over the whole and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Anything beyond this weight should cause the woman in question to pause and consider the serious fact that she is exhibiting a symptom of a very grave disease, for obesity is a disease, and should be treated as such. Fat is, in reality, necessary only as fuel to feed the muscles, just as coal is required to feed the engine—too much fat is too much fuel; it chokes the physical furnace. We require only enough carbon or fat to supply the muscles with food; exercise of these muscles reduces a certain amount of waste, and if we eat and do not take exercise we are smothered in fatty fuel.

It is almost irritating to be told—as we are frequently—that nothing some certain individual may elect to eat has any effect upon that person's weight or size. Believe me, this is utter nonsense. No one ever accumulated fat without a cause, and the cause is invariably lack of exercise and too much fat producing food. Inherited tendency will aid, but not to any extent opposed to a flesh reducing regimen. Certain foods will inevitably induce fat; for example, all dishes containing sugar, starch, the carbo-

hydrate, as they are technically called, are the deadly opponents to a slender and graceful figure. In summer time all the delicious vegetables, such as peas, beans, potatoes, beets, egg plant, and green corn, may only be eaten by the woman who will heroically offset them with enough physical exercise to overcome the undesired adipose they represent.

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AFTER MORE RAILROAD.

The New York Central Soon to Have a Continuous New England Line.

The New York Central will in a week or two secure the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad. H. Walter Webb and Superintendent Edgar Van Etten are now in Watertown, arranging for the transfer.

The Ogdensburg road is operated by the Central Vermont Company under a lease, but as the latter concern is in the hands of receivers and has defaulted in the payment of bonds issued by the Ogdensburg road, of which the New York Central is a holder, it is believed that the New York Central is in a position to secure its long desired continuous line to Northern New England and thus intercept for its own lines the enormous grain traffic carried on by boats between Chicago and Ogdensburg and shipped thence over the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Road to Eastern points.

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FROM LIVING DEATH TO A LITTLE FORTUNE.

Pauper Becomes a Prince After Nine Years on Blackwell's Island.

"Not Strictly Dead," Said the Attorney, and Alive Enough to Inherit.

MONEY MADE BY HIS WIFE YEARS AGO.

Strange Story Brought to Light in the Surrogate's Court When Mary O'Connor's Will Was Offered for Probate.

Bowed with age, homeless, friendless and unlucky, Michael O'Connor has been a public charge in the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island for the past nine years. Some day this week he will leave that dreary institution to take charge of an estate estimated to be worth not less than \$50,000.

Yesterday he was a pauper; to-day, comparatively, he is a prince. Stranger still, until yesterday he had long been dead in the eyes of the law. He was resurrected from his tomb among the living to find himself in prospective possession of a snug little fortune.

This odd story came to light in the Surrogate's Court during a hearing yesterday in the matter of the estate of the late Mary O'Connor, who amassed the \$50,000 while running a lodging house at No. 12 Dover street. Mrs. O'Connor died on June 18, leaving no will. Her daughter, Catherine T. Austin, applied for letters of administration upon the estate, alleging that the dead woman had left no husband surviving, and that there was no one else with a prior claim to the privilege.

Surrogate Fitzgerald was about to issue letters of administration to Mrs. Austin, when Lawyer Samuel Cohn declared that Michael O'Connor was not only alive, but antagonistic. O'Connor, he said, opposed Mrs. Austin's application on the ground that as the widow he had the first right to administer the estate. He said he had an affidavit recently executed by the supposed dead man.

"Why, how is that?" asked Surrogate Fitzgerald, turning to Mrs. Austin's attorney. "I thought you said O'Connor was dead!"

The lawyer admitted that O'Connor was

not strictly deceased, and explained that nothing had been heard of O'Connor until that moment after he had deserted his wife and daughter.

Lawyer Cohn then handed up O'Connor's affidavit, in which he swears that he was married to the deceased in 1854, and lived with her until nine years ago, when he was put out of the house. At that time, having no other domicile in prospect, and being then sixty-four years of age, O'Connor had himself committed to the Almshouse, of which he has been an inmate ever since.

His daughter, he declares, did not apprise him of his wife's death. He believes the knowledge was withheld from him purposely. Mrs. Austin, he sets forth, is forty-two years of age. She stated in her petition that she was only thirty.

Though now seventy-three years old, O'Connor has been an inmate ever since. His estate, he says, is worth \$50,000. He asked the Surrogate to go on his bond, and asked Surrogate Fitzgerald to appoint him as administrator. The Surrogate suggested that father and daughter be empowered to act together.

Both lawyers objected to this proposition, and he reserved decision, after taking the papers.

ATTACKED HIS DAUGHTER

James Murphy Wanted Beer Money and Was Bound to Have It.

James Murphy, a laborer, of No. 227 East Forty-fifth street, went home at 11 o'clock yesterday morning and demanded money for beer. His wife was out at work, but his daughter, Bridget, eighteen years old, told him that she had no money. He seized the clothes she was hanging out and began stamping on them. When she remonstrated, saying that the clothes belonged to customers, he attacked the girl furiously.

The girl darted out of the door and down the stairs and stood on the front steps. The father followed, jerked her furiously by the arm and she fell and lay unconscious. Neighbors carried her into the hallway.

The father stood near the girl, swearing at her in a maudlin way. After the mother's arrival Policemen Kelly summoned an ambulance from Flower Hospital and then arrested Murphy, who resisted fiercely.

He was arraigned in Yorkville Court later in the day and held in \$2,500 bail to await the result of the girl's injuries. The girl had a severe scalp wound.

HUNTING FOR 'EMBEZZLERS.

New York Smelting and Refining Company Hires Extra Detectives.

The Pinkerton Detective Agency have been retained by the directors of the New York Smelting and Refining Company to aid the detectives attached to the District Attorney's office in catching two of their alleged absconding employees. It is estimated that the pair managed to get away with \$65,000 through false entries.

The men were indicted for embezzlement last week, but they got away before bench warrants were issued.

The company went into the hands of a receiver June 16, the result, the directors say, of the transactions of the two men the police now want. One is said to be visiting in Baltimore, where an officer was sent yesterday.

More Designs for Storm Gowns.

To the woman submitting the best design for a rainy day costume, the Journal offers that costume made by one of the leading tailors of New York.

The competition will last until Monday.



July 20. The decision will be made known as soon as possible after the closing of the contest.

Each design must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. A sketch accompanied by a description of the gown is desirable. The sketch need not be a finished, artistic production, but should give the designer's idea. All letters should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page.

WOMEN IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

One fact before all others is apparent from the criticism of the exhibition now being held by the Royal Academy. The paintings contributed by women have created unusual comment and are beyond the average, in spite of the fact that the honor of the line is dealt out according to name and previous recognition in place of being awarded to special merit.

The most original picture of the group is "A wood nymph" by Mrs. Mary Raphael. The nude figure is essentially chaste, and severity and chastity mark the entire treatment.

"Summer," by Henrietta Rae, on the other hand, is criticised for thinness of color and a general weakness of expression, the nude figure suggesting the prettiness of a bonbon box, rather than anything dignified or worthy.

Miss Anna Nordgren has contributed a vigorous study of a woman's head that wins enthusiastic comment. Miss Nina Hardy has a fine portrait, and both Elizabeth Forbes' "A Fairy Story" and Miss Amy Sawyer's "Gentle Spring" have elicited favorable comment.

The "Pink Veil," a clever sketch of a young girl by Miss Beatrice Gibbs, is good as to both color and handling; direct, vigorous brushing, clear, harmonious color and exceedingly good technique are among the characteristics specified.

Miss Hilda Montalba has sent a charming picture of Venice as her own contribution. Her sister, Miss Clara Montalba, does not exhibit this year.

Time is a slender thread along the garment of eternity.

skirt reaches to the ankles. A plaid blouse is worn and leggings and a sailor hat complete the outfit.

The second design is from C. K. L., of Brooklyn. It is also of storm blue serge, trimmed with black braid.

From L. H. B., of Big Tree, Erie County, N. Y., comes the third design. It shows a gown of dark blue cravenette, made with a Norfolk jacket and a short skirt. Leggings and an Alpine hat finish the suit.

Origin of the Fairy Cinderella.

It has been said "not one sweet girl in a thousand knows the origin of the friend of her childhood, Cinderella." Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the common era, and during the reign of one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to bathe in a clear stream near her home, leaving her shoes, which were very small, lying on a bank. An eagle passing above caught sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried one off in his beak. The bird unwittingly played the part of fairy god-mother, for, flying over Memphis, where the King was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall directly at the King's feet. Its size, beauty and distinctness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the King determined to know the wearer of so cunning a shoe. Messengers were sent through all the kingdom in search of the foot that it would fit. Rhodope was finally discovered, the shoe placed on her foot and she was carried in triumph to Memphis, where she became the Queen of the King Psammethicus.

Most workers have experienced an irresistible inclination to take "forty winks" at the most inopportune times. With work that must be done at once by brain and pen the eyelids will grow heavy, unless some prompt remedy is at hand. Chewing a few grains of browned coffee has proved so effectual that a little supply is as much the part of the furnishing of the office desk of many men and women as the inkstand and pens. A good preventive for the condition is a cup of hot, or glass of iced tea, to which a teaspoonful of whiskey has been added.

Aim to Acquire a Similar Contour.



The day desired of the dress reformer and the artist seems to be upon us—the day of the unconfined and expansive waist. Paris dressmakers have declared themselves in favor of the proportions of the Venus of Milo, and health and beauty of the artist's kind are prophesied as a result of the movement.

To cheer and encourage those to whom the announcement comes as a blow, the accompanying picture is published. It is the portrait of a young woman who has succeeded in satisfying the artistic and fashionable standards. She has been a favorite subject for painters, and she has also succeeded in moving among her fellows without arousing the criticism of the dress-

makers. The former have declared her figure perfect, according to the classical requirements, and the latter have not denied her the quality of "style." From which the waists who foreseer that they must allow their waists to expand, may take courage. The possession of statuesque proportions will not utterly bar the realm of the "stylish."